catharsis

By Ahniki

SO YOU...
YOU WERE THE VOICE IN MY HEAD ALL THIS TIME?
fufufu...

I THOUGHT I WAS JUST GOING CRAZY.
I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF, LISTENING TO YOU, AND HAVING CONVERSATIONS IN MY HEAD..
I MEAN. EVERYONE HAS 'THAT' LITTLE VOICE IN THE BACK

OF THEIR HEAD--

BUT I WASN'T EXPECTING MINE TO COME WITH A SENTIENT LIFE FORM ATTACHED.

UMM...

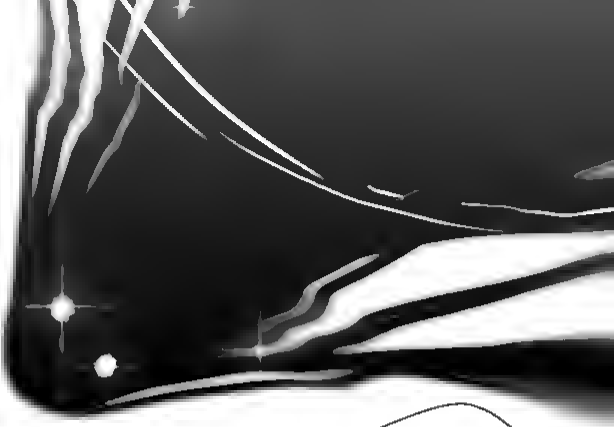
WHY DID YOU LOOK SO DIFFERENT EARLIER?

EARLIER?
IN THAT VOID I

WAS TRAPPED IN, YOU WERE..
WELL, YOU DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THIS.
oh...
FWSHH - -

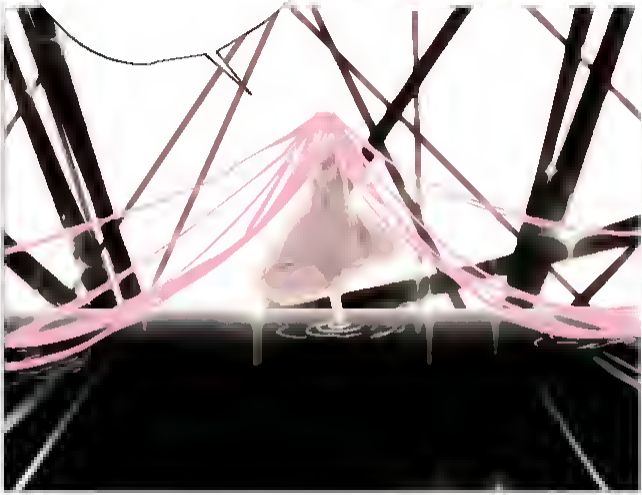
At the time, I could only contact you in

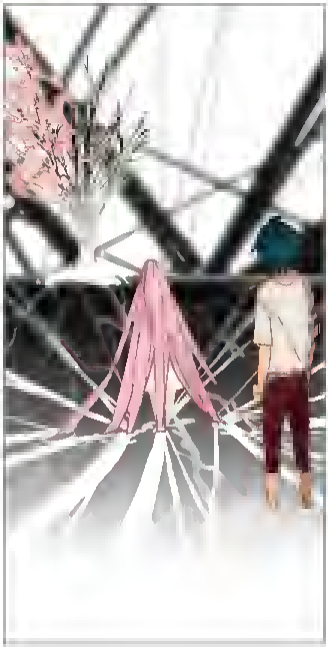
only contact you in that form
You were in such despair, anything you would have seen would have reflected that monstrous feeling
My refined appearance went haywire.
I had to settle for a more
RIPPLE
RIPPLE



distasteful form .

but it was still me,
nonetheless.





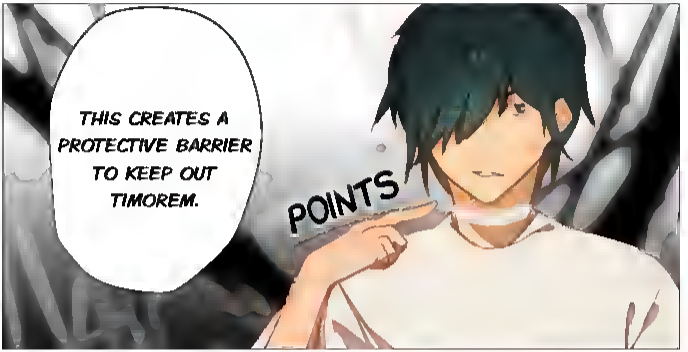
ARE YOU EVER GOING TO REVERT BACK TO THAT?

For the time being, no. I'm going to stay like this.

...LIKE "THIS", HUH?

You know...
I thought I was only hallucinating. Trying to make out your figure, all those times you appeared before me.
I brushed it off thinking it was just the stress from Catharsis messing with my head. I didn't want to feed the idea that I was losing my mind

But then you came out for real. The last time I was in a defaeco.
Even Paris saw you that time, further proving your existence.

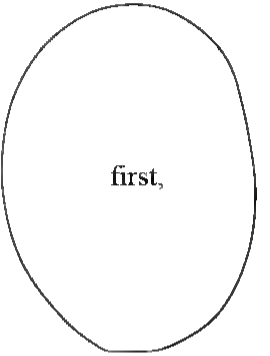


I SAW YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRIER THAT TIME.

IF YOU'RE SOMETHING

BAD, WHY DO YOU HELP ME? YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR SO LONG, WHY HAVEN'T YOU KILLED ME ALREADY?
WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHA--
BLINK

SOFTLY
TOUCH--


first,

...let me tell you
a few things I
know for certain.

HUSH~

Leon Mori

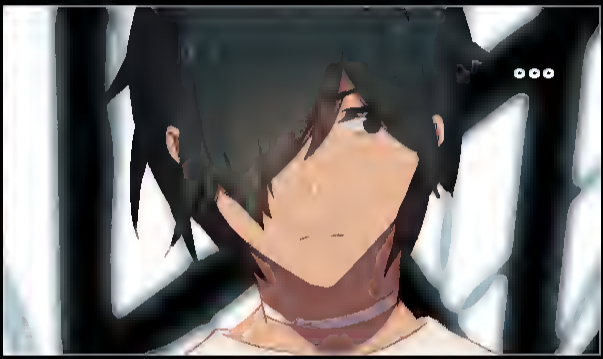
Birthday: February 28.
18 years old

You're in your fourth year of high school now.

You're the type of guy who may seem quiet, and satisfied with a detached life, but you beneath it all, you really aren't.

It isn't the best feeling to be socially cast out, nor is it so great obtaining temporary fame, and becoming the center of everyone's attention.

You've fooled yourself into believing that this is who you really are, that you're fine with living like this, it's no wonder why you're so gloomy.



I know that when you're with Ami, part of yourself

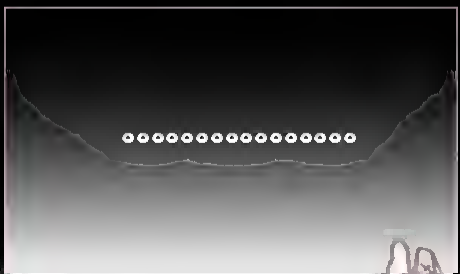
that you've buried, surfaces again.

Not only because you love her--

H-HEY!!

...but because you know that she loves you back--but only in the way of a little brother.

There's no hıdıng that heheheh...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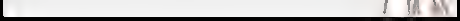


When you're panicked, you curse excessively,
and hyperventilate.

You are legitimately "forgetful".

Your favorite color is red.

You think your long hair makes you look hot, and mysterious and will appeal to Ami.

You like to be lazy.

You don't stretch or work out when you know you need to be keeping yourself fit in this line of work.

That one boy… Johan--you think he's ok, despite the rocky start, and wonder if he'll walk to school with you again tomorrow.

I know you.
For certain, I know you.

Your memories, of when you were a child .

--When your dad left you and your mom.

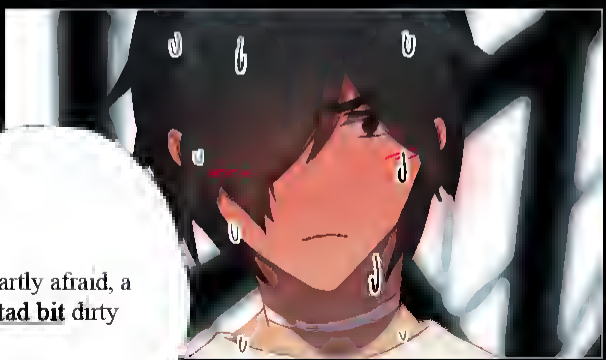
--when your mom first left to be deployed overseas in the Air Force.

when you first started high school...

Even the thoughts you have in your head, while talking to me right now

to me right now.

Surprisingly calm, yet confused.



Partly afraid, a **tad bit** dirty

I know you.

And for certain,

I know you know me.